OUR FATHERLESS ONES.

"Thou Art the Helper of the Fatherless."—Psalm 10:14.

Volume 18. Barium Springs, N. C., Thursday, May, 9 1912. Number 6.

STONEWALL JACKSON

When men of wealth, and present fame, have pass'd away,
Have found a resting place in Homes of Clay;
Though monumental marble marks their place of rest—
And flowers bloom, sweet mem'ries to suggest,
They only live in deeds, they wrought their best.

There is one name that lives engraven on our hearts,
A name not link'd with trade, or busy marts
Yet "Stonewall Jackson" is a name that lives and thrills
On mountain tops, in vales, by sunny rills,
Wherever Christian manhood, hope distills.

He stood for freedom, died that we might freedom win,
Some day a marble shaft, shall speaking say, within
This tomb, a noble hero, "Stonewall Jackson" sleeps,
And loyal love, it's faithful vigil keeps,
Guarding the spot where loving mem'ry weeps.

Wm. Laurie Hill.
Barium Springs, N. C., May. 1912.

PETER

Peter is a dear little chocolate Pomeranian just as brown and satiny as a chestnut, with eyes, as bright as stars, of the same rich color; even his lips and the tip of his dear little nose are brown, the only speck of contrast being his pink velvet tongue. He weighs just eleven pounds, which is a good deal for a Pomeranian, but Peter was brought up to walk, or run, at least five miles every day, so tkat he grew stronger and sturdier than most of his breed.

He is also very fond of riding and can always disinguish the sound of the engine of his car from that of all others. Sometimes he hears a horn, the counterpart of that on his automobile. He will stopshort, hold up one paw, as if to say, "Hush! Listen!" and in a few seconds we can be sure whether it is our car by watching him; if it is, he fairly dances with glee; if not, he trots on with a bored air of resignation.

We think that Peter has a mission in the world, that of making people pleasant, and he performs it better than most of us do ours, though perhaps unwittingly. He is so sweet and attractive that he brings a smile and a pleasant greeting to the groutiest old man, the crabbedest old woman, and the most illtempered child, whether they like dogs or not. I tis indeed a sullen person who does not have a smile for Peter, which is accompanied, usually, by a kind word, often a question about his kind. It not because of his long pedigree, however, his choice color, or his fashionable breed that we love him; it is because of his dear, sweet self, and if he were the veriest cur, he would have found his way into our affections just the same. We did not mean to have him but, valuable as he was, he just came into our lives without our seeking, and this winter when he was very ill and we thought that his little mission on earth was almost ended, it about broke our hearts; but now he is better, and the hope is with us that he may be spared to the world to continune his good work for a number of years.

We feel that when Peter passes by the sad, the cross. the crotchety. and their faces light up with a ray of pleasure, kindness, or amusement, that some other good thought will slip into their minds on that ray of sunshine and they will be better for having seen him.

"Kindnees to animals is not a mere sentiment, but a requisite of even a very ordinary education. Nothing in arithmetic or grammar is so important for a child to learn as humaneness. As a discipline it is most valuable."

--You need not pray for a long vision in order to see an opportunity for service.

--When some men dress for church, they are very careful to put only small change in their pockets.

AS WE FORGIVE."

By Evelyn Orchard.

George Lambert, standing at the plate in the vestibule of the Congregational Chapel at Sudbridge one Sunday morning, in his capacity as deacon, heard an item of intelligence which disturbed him greatly. A good many items of intelligence changed hands in that vestibule on a Sunday morning, more notably when Isaac Moore, of the Deanfield Bakery, happened to be on duty. He was a large, soft-faced, kindly man, with an immense capacity for being interested in other people's affairs. "Doctor Hammersely's brougham," said Isaac, with a slow nod, as the smart little carriage rolled by. "Well, he has one less road to-day any way. He won't have to go to Friarsgate The boy died last night at eight o'clock."

Lambert gave an almost painful start.

"No; surely not! Why, I heard yesterday he was better, and out of danger."

"So they said. but what do the best of them know? The Lord calls and we have just got to rise up and go," said Moore, a trifle heavily. "I'm sorry for William Capel. It just shows that we can think ourselves mighty prosperous, and yet we've all to come under the rod sooner or later."

Instinctively Lambert drew back, for the utterance repelled him. But one look at the baker's large, soft face assured him that the words were no more than words to him, that his own theology was of a kindlier sort.

"Here comes Mrs. Flett and Oliver, late, as usual; another new bonnet! I don't wonder Oliver gets so many 'accounts rendered' every quarter day."

"Hush, Isaac," said Lambert sharply, and at the moment was relieved that the bell began to ring very fast on it's concluding notes.

About ten minuter later, as the first hymn was drawing to a close, they shut the doors, lifted the collection plate, and went round the back passage to the vestry to count it. As the second hymn was given out Lambert walked through the vestry door to his pew, which was in the left transept, just under the pulpit. He gave a quick glance from end to end, and his eye counted the heads, seven of them, from demure eighteen-year old Jean, down to Baby Eric in all the glory of his first suit. But his eye rested longest and oftenest as the service proceeded on the tall figure and open, boyish face of his second child, and eldest son, William Capel Lambert, called for the very man of whom Moore had spoken to him a little before. He was of age with the boy who had been called away; they had played together in their babyhood, before the cloud fell between their respective fathers, but that was long ago. Lambert counted the years, as his lips framed the words of the hymn, of which he had no real cognisance; eleven years to-morrow since that ghastly, unforgettable day, when they had quarrelled over the situation both had wanted. Lambert, a passionate, suspicious man, had accused Capel of having bought and sold him, of working against him in the dark, because he had been certain that given a fair field and no favour he ought to have one-Besides, he accounted himself the better man. But Capel had got the job, and it had led, as Lambert knew it would, to a surer and bigger success Capel was now a partner in the firm he had entered eleven years ago and as far as the outward eye could discern, had prospered greatly. But now Nemesis had overtaken him. His only child, the gallant boy in whom the whole of his hopes were centred, the one solace of his widowhood, and the pivot of his love and his ambition, had gone away, called hence by inscrutable decree. Capel had had to come under the rod! In spite of himself, these hateful words re-choed in Lambert's ears. Presently he was arrested by

Continued on fourth page.

THE END OF THE WAR

By CLARENCE B. KELLAND.

Century is a little town lying close to that Imaginary boundary referred to in our histories as Mason and Dixon's line. Don't look for it on your maps, for it will be hard to find it; in fact you may not find it all, for it is so small, map-makers have many times missed it altogether. Probably it was called Century because it had almost a hundred inhabitants.

Without doubt the most important of these were old Lafe Teasle and Uncle Calvert Wheleer. They were important for two reasons; first, because they were the town's only veterans of the war between the states, and secend, because they had never let that war come to an end. The latter made Century an interesting place to live in, for Teasle had served under Grant, and Wheeler had been a member of Morgan's wonderful body of picked warriors.

As was mentioned before, they refused to recognize the close of the war; they continued actively; they were the deadliest of enemies—and they lived no more than fifty yards apart, their houses facing each other with nothing but the street between.

Teasle wore constantly his suit of blue, his brass buttons, his felt hat with the Grant Army cord and insignia; Wheeler appeared daily in butternut. Each morning at sunrise Wheeler ran up the stars and bars to the peak of his flagstaff, beating meantime on an ancient Confederate drum; at the same moment Teasle was hoisting the Stars and Stripes and saluting it with his morning gun—an old musket of the Brown Bess type which daily threatened his life. This done, the old fellows marched to their front fences, glowered at each other, silently shook their fists, and departed into the house for breakfast.

There were two grandsons; Ulysses S. Grant Teasle and Robert E. Lee Wheeler, and each grandfather was at pains to impress his sentiment and animosity on his descendant. "You, Robert E. Lee," his grandfather would exclaim, "don't have nothin' to do with no Yanks, and mos' p'tic'lar with that immatoore Yank across the street. Yanks is pizen, and you keep away from him. If I ketch you all playin' with that there boy I'm going to bust a lath across your back, that's what I'm going to do."

Teasle was no less vindictive. "Ulysses," he said repeatedly, "There's a pesky Cornfed across the street and him an me is carryin' on the war like it ought to 'a' been carried on. He's a misa'ble, low-down, rampageous old'n critter and that there boy of his aint no better. You leave him alone, hear me, and if I ever ketch you playin' around with that kid you'll wish somebody was lettin' a mule kick you. And you wan't forgit it."

The result of this instruction resulted in many juvenile arguments, many blackened eyes and an intermittent partisan warfare between the boys. To them it was more or less of a game; it was playing war, and if it came to actual battle, as it often did, they enjoyed it so much the more. They were true grandsons of fighting grandsires. About of an age and size, the boys were evenly matched; sometimes one would gain a brief victory, sometimes the other would come out best, but neither could boast of superiority. Chance usually decided the frays. When Ulysses came home the worse for wear, his grandfather would sulk for days and bemoan the poor mettle of the newer generation: when his boy inflicted defeat he would stand all day at his fence waiting a chance to hurl renewed defiance at his enemy. Wheeler offered the same spectacle; the old Confederate had shed tears over a blackened eye of Robert's, but the old, stirring Confederate yell was heard to ring through the house if his lad brought home a tale of rout and defeat to the enemy.

II.

As they grew older the veterans became more bitter. Each fortified his house against a possible raid from the enemy. Teasle installed patent bolts to his doors, slept with Brown Bess in easy reach and maintained rigid martial law in the house. Wheeler had a system of defenses that would have defied a skilled house breaker. Sometimes he could be see mounting guard and marching from room to room with an ancient firearm over his shoulder. Both were prepared for any emergency.

"Sometime," declared Wheeler, "me and that Yank have got to settle this thing. We're gwine to come together, and when we do this here town is gwine to see sich a fight as never was fit. I'll jest natcherally chaw up that old blue-back and chuck him into the river."

If this was reported to Teasle he would be ready with counter defiance. "Jest let that braggin' old Johnny come threatenin' around me. Jest let him! I'm a hopin' he will, 'cause if he does, this here war is comin' to an end. You tell him from me that any hostilities he's plannin' will be as welcome as pie after dinner. You tell him that."

Sometimes the old fellows would meet on the street, in the postoffice, or in one of the stores of Century. When this happened bystanders would pause and watch with appreciation and anticipation. But never had they come to actual blows. Usually each would assume his most martial air, throw back his shoulders, elevate his chin, clap his hands to the straps of his trousers and appear oblivious to the other's presence. Sometimes collisions seemed imminent, dim eyes would flash fire, thin, wrinkled fists would clench, and age narrowed chests would heave with rage. Once words were exchanged, but circumstances prevented an encounter. This was on a day when Wheeler's buggy blocked a road that Teasle wanted to travel. It was impossible for the Union veteran to drive past and he rose in his buggy wrathfully and extended a shaking fist.

"You clear that there track, Cornfed. Don't go blockin' the march of this army or it it'll come a-climbin' right over top the top of you. Haul that crowbait of your'n out of the way or I'll ride him down."

Wheeler scowled back, assumed a belligerent pose and replied in kind. "You pore, busted-down, half-starved Yank. Don't come a-pesterin' around this here brigade for it't out for business. I'm stationed here, and here I'm going to stay till I git ready to move, and you remember that. Jest one move from yo' and I'll charge you—Just one leetle move."

Teasle prepared to commence when his young horse, frightened at the clamor, began to prance and swerve and try to jump the ditch. For fifteen minutes he had his hands full, and by that time Wheeler, grinnlng maliciously, had driven off, satisfied that the honors of war rested on his standard.

III.

Of course both maintained posts of their several organizations of veterans. Teasle was a complete G. A. R. post in himself, while Wheeler never missed a meeting of the Confederate Veterans, of which he was the sole member. Their annual meetings were hold on Memorial day in their posthalls, which were nothing more nor less than chambers set aside in their homes for this sole purpose. Each had its flags, its draperies of bunting, its platform and chair for the presiding officer; each had its pictures of honored commanders. On Wheelers wall hung steel engravings of Lee, of Jackson. of his beloved Morgan, of his namesake Wheeler whom he rightly deemed to be one of the greatest cavalry commanders the world has ever seen. Teasle's walls were honored by portraits of Grant, Sheridan, Thomas, Sherman. The rooms were sacred to the meetings of the posts; never were they used for other purposes. Annually Wheeler would brush his worn uniform, brighten his buttons, furbish his arms and march proudly to the chair of the commander. With sonorous gavel he would call the meeting to order, call the roll of members, which once had numbered four, answer his own name, and then proceed to business.

"Nominations for the office of of Commander of the post for comin' year are now in order," he would announce.

After a moment's pause he would arise and addrees himself. "I nominate Calvert Wheeler." Whereupon he would resume the character of presiding officer. "Any second?" he would ask. Again he would rise. "I second the nomination."

"Any further nominations?" the presiding officer would demand. Silence would follow. "In that case," he would state, "we will proceed to a ballot. All those in favor of Calvert Wheeler for the office of the Commander of the Post signify by standin' up." Now he would stand up to be counted. "Contrary will now stand—There bein' no contraries the presidin' officer declares Calvert Wheeler elected Commander for the ensuin' year."

The same form would be gone through for the election of each officer down to the sergeant-at-arms, Wheeler being unanimously elected to each.

Across the road in G. A. R. hall, Teasle would be carrying on a similar meeting, being elected year after year to each office with equal unanimity.

The meetings satisfactorily over, parades would follow—parades that did not take long to pass a given spot, but which did possess more enthusiasm to the member than any other spectacles ever presented. These parades usually consisted of three individuals each. First marched the veteran bearing his flag, next marched a mere hireling playing a drum, and the rear was brought up by a grandson bearing proudly the arm his grandfather had carried in the wars.

How proudly the old fellows marched! What youthful spring they tried to put into their step! How rigidly erect they held themselves, and what spirit shone from their eyes! No one ever laughed at these parades—no one could laugh, and frequently heads were turned away and tears wiped from cheeks as an old fellow, panting under the weight of his beloved flag, would tramp pats. Applause and cheers would follow the processions and such crowds as Century could produce assembled afterwards to listen to the speeches,

The speeches were the great event of the day, usually following after the marching. Each old soldier erected in his front yard a platform from which to address his townsmen; each mounted to his place just as the other was climbing to his position, and both poured forth fervid oratory in their loudest tones. Of course it was funny—an outsider would have seen that. It was funny to see two old men gesticulating and stepping about and roaring flery words—It was funny to hear each try to drown out the other's voice. The confusion of sound was funny, but not to those who live in Century. It was a part of their lives—this rival speechmaking. They could see no humor in the situation even if the two verterans, speaking at the same time, did turn the guns of their eloquence on each other, belaboring each his enemy with choicest epithet.

Only snatches of each speech could be heard by any, for there were times when Teasle scuceed-

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TRAIN THE HEART AND CONSCIENCE

By Rev. Richard Braunstein.

The education of the rising generation is a matter of vital importance to both church and State.

An intellectual and secular education is not sufficient to secure the welfare or safety of society. Rome had more intelligence and culture when she fell than when she was in her prime. The shaggy demons of the wilderness who trampled out her civilization were more moral than her citizens. The golden age of Grecia and Roman culture and civilization was that of foulest corruption and impending destruction. The fine sense of beauty has no necessary connection with duty, and the grammatical declensions of virtue have no connection with its practice. Education may create most accomplished rogues and dangerous neighbors. It is said that after Russia had tried secular education for a while, her prime minister said to the Czar, "We are raising a race of demons."

The tree of the knowlede of good and evil in Paradise brught in the devil's millennium. Knowledge of good and evil affords no assurance of a greater love of one, or of a greater hatred of the other, than would exist in ignorance. Our first parents no doubt found the devil well enough informed. The archangel Michael and the archdevil Lucifer may have the same intellectual ability and the same intellectual attainments, but the fidelity of the one and the disobedience of the other make heaven and hell. Unless knowledge ripens the moral force it becomes the tool of selfishness and sin. Corrupted intelligence is worse than misled ignorance. Knowledge perverted is misused power. Give the printing press to vicious men and they will only do harm with it.

There is to-day a superstitious faith in spelling-books. Men who ought to know better will tell you, with census tables and statistics of all kinds in hand, that ignorance is the cause of crime. Ignorance is only one of many concomitants of crime. Intelligence is another. And knowledge is a third. It is purely a random inference of careless writers that because ignorance and crime are often together, therefore ignorance is the cause of crime. We must educate the moral and religious nature by the Word of God. We cannot make children honest by teaching them the multiplication table, nor virtuous by teaching them grammar, nor benevolent by teaching them geography. There is no logical connection whatever between a secular education and a good character. To make men and women moral we must educate the moral nature on the basis of revealed religion.

Washington said: "Religion and morality are the essential pillars of civil society." And again: "Virtue or morality is the necessary spring of popular government. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education upon minds of a peculiar structure, reason and experience forbids us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious liberty."

The Word of God furnishes the only valid sanctions of sound morality. If we reject or neglect this and rely on the unperverted instincts of human nature, as well close our schools and wait for some Caesar with his drawn sword for a scepter. Great populations, especially when congested in cities, must either be trained to the liberty of the Gospel or be ruled by a tyrant. Where God and his will are not known and acknowledged, no imperative motives can be found to make men noble and good.

The mass of men who believe they are to die like dogs will live like dogs. Says John Stuart Mill: "If a man prefers to be a contended pig, we should have no positive reason

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OUR FATHERLESS ONES.

WM. LAURIE HILL, Editor.

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PRESBYTERIAN ORPHANS' HOME.

REV. W. T. WALKER, Supt. and Treas.

Barium Springs, - - North Carolina.

An Institution of the Presbyterian Synod of North Carolina for the Care of Orphan Children.

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Thursday, May 9, 1912

TRUE HEROISM.

In the last hours on board the Titanic there were many manifestions of self sacrifice and true heroism that stand out as memorials to men and women who, standing, looking death in the face, were willing to die with, or for others. How pathetic was that scene when John Jacob Astor took his wife in his arms and helped place her in the life boat, while she was pleading to stay with him. And although he had looked upon her face for the last time, on earth, he kept up heart, and helped the crew place the women in life boats, up to the last moment.

The reply of Mr. Straus who refused to go into a life boat with his wife, was the answer of a brave, true hero.

When urged to "go with his wife as he was an old man," his reply was, "I am not too old to sacrifice myself for a woman." "As long as there is a woman on this ship I will not leave." It is the fires of persecution that test the metal of Martyrs, it is some overwhelwing disaster, that brings out all the better qualities in true man and womanhood. There were men and women who went down with the Titanic that could have been saved, had they contended for the life boats. Hundreds of able bodied men chose death rather than life, at the expense of honor and manhood.

Noble women died with their husbands, when they might have been saved, apart from them.

After all, in such a disaster as this, men find out what is the most valuable thing in all the world, and money for once is relegated to the rear.

The millions of those millionaires, did not avail them in their hour of peril, and to their honor be it said, they put their lives, honor, and brave manhood, above all their millions.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

Many of our young people hear a great deal of late about the Monroe Doctrine, but many of them really do not know what it means. The Monroe Doctrine originated during President Monroe's administration, and corresponds on the American Continent, to what is known as "the balance of power in Europe." In a message to congress on December 2, 1823 President Monroe made this emphatic Statement. "The United States would consider any attempt to extend the European political system to any portion of America as dangerous to their peace and safety.', Also, "that the American Continents of North and South America were declared to be no longer sujects for colonization by any European power."

Mexico having been a Spanish dependency, became free by revolution. British North America has been a part of the British Empire since Great Britain overthrew the French power in the Canada's.

But the Monroe Doctrine clearly announces that all the remaining States and countries on these two Continents are not open to spoliation and conquest by foreign powers.

Just at this time Japan is striving to get a commercial foothold in Mexico. At Magdala Bay. This is a strategic position, the Pacific Coast, which so largely belongs to the United States, should be so far under the Monroe Doctrine, as to prevent the Japanese from getting control of a foot of land in Mexico. While this Monroe Doctrine is assuming on the part of the United States grave responsibilities, yet with so weak and Revolutionary a neighbour next door as Meqico unless we insist on having a say in what may affect the future of Mexico, we are liable some day to encounter a worse evil.

Let Japan and through her China, get an interest in Mexico, or any of the Spanish American States, and our western Country beyond the Rockies, will be seriously menaced.

Now is the time to be firm on the Monroe Doctrine.

A PRINCELY GIFT TO THOMASVILLE BAPTIST ORPHANAGE.

In holy write we are enjoined to "rejoice with those who do rejoice" and the good fortune that has come to our sister Orphanage is a source of rejoicing to all lovers of our homes for the homeless. It seems that Mr. ond Mrs. W. L. Kennedy did not wait until grim death released their grip from 1200 acres of land, but gave while they are living to this Orphanage, a princely estate indeed, valuedat one hundred tnousand dollars. This farm lies on the Neuse River near Falling Creek station on the Atlantic and North Carolina Railroad.

All that Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy reserve is "a life estate for themselves consisting of the residence and about 50 acres of land, the remainder of the estate to rest absolutely in the Orphadage."

Such wonderful generosity as this, is a better and more enduring memorial than the Washington monument.

May the tribe of Kennedy increase in all our churches, friends! remember our Orphans' while you live, and wisely administer on your own estate.

THE TENTH OF MAY.

This is the Memorial day of the Confederacy. A day when those who marched with Lee, Jackson, Johnson, Stuart, and a host of brave leaders and men in the far away sixties, and gave heart and limb for a cause that will ever be dear to the Southern heart, gather around green mounds, and scatter beautiful flowers, over the ashes of our dead

The South did not fight to hold the negro in slavery, but to prevent being enslaved. They fought for the precious privilege of governing themselves, and it was only when our Northern brethern found, that to hold the Southern States as they were held in reconstruction days, "was killing the goose that laid the golden egg," that they surrendered self government into the hands of the Southern people.

Although we lost in the struggle for a separate government. Our principal of self government won out. The 10th of May.

SEND FOR OUR SUPERINTENDENT.

Yes good friend, if you have a surplus sum of money or property you desire to give to The Presbyterian Orphan's Home, just send for Mr. Walker, like the Kenedy's did for brother Kesler, and he will be glad to come and confer with you.

If you have any idea of such a thing, do it now.

--The greatest value of benevolence is in the hearty practice of it.

The End of the War.

ed in burying Wheeler's voice in his own vociferousness, and an equal number of points at which Wheeler managed to outshout his adversary. When the speeches were over the old men descending with dignity to receive the congratulations and compliments of their friends. If you wanted the good will of eitherthe surest way to secure it was to clasp his hand firmly and declare "You beat him; you was loudest. I could hear every word you said, but there was minutes at a time when you wouldn't 'a' knowed he was speakin' at all." This little compliment was paid to each many times every Decoration day.

IV

This thirteenth of May Nineteen hundred and Eleven, dawned somewhat cold and windy, but nevertheless sunshiny and pleasant enough to permit the rival celebrations to be held without discomfort to any one. The flags were hoisted at sunrise to the usual accompaniment of drum or musket; the annual meetings of the veterans were held and each was unanimously elected to all offices; the rival parades were held and the fiery speeches made. But during the addresses, the wind, which had been blowing harder and harder, assumed the proportions of a gale. Hats were whisked from heads, the skirts of the women fluttered and slapped about; the flags—the Stars the Bars and the Stars and Stripes—straightened out, snapping and cracking and threatening to tear loose from their halliards.

Calvert Wheeler's yard ran back to the broad Mississippi, now angry spotted with white. The water lapped sullenly against his land not a hundred feet from his back door, tearing and biting at its high bank. The wind blew from the east, picking up bits of paper and leaves and whisking them high in the air to drop them over the bank and into the water which swept them quickly away.

But regardless of wind, of dust, of discomfort, the speeches continued. Climax after climax was reached, burst after burst of applause rang out for one or the other. But suddenly Teaele stopped, stfffened, and gazed fixedly at the Confederate flag which flaunted from his enemy's roof. He choked, pointed, cried out inarticulately. Others craned their heads and saw the bunting, torn loose by the gale, holding by a single corner and flapdistressfully.

"Your flag," shouted Teasle, "Your flag" He had forgotten his animosity, forgotten everything save the danger to that battle-scarred emblem of a cause that men had fought and died for.

Wheeler, warned by the cry, looked upward just in time to see the Stars and Bars part from its halliards, and borne by the wind, sail high and higher and then disappear over the high bank of the river to fall fluttering into the water below.

The speakers, the spectators rushed headlong through Wheeler's yard to rescue the flag, and Teasle was not the last of them. With his grandson at his side he stood on the brink of the river and saw the bunting now sadly bedraggled, floating slowly off fifty feet out in the current.

Wheeler covered his eyes and moaned. "My flag," he muttered. "My company's flag that we carried through it all!" And he turned away his head.

"Get a boat," someone cried, but there was no boat and every moment the flag was being carried farther away. Young Robert E. Lee Wheeler danced up and down in agony. "I can't swim—I can't swim," he cried. "Won't someone swim out after it—please—somebody swim for it."

Teasle heard the cry and his eyes fell on his grandson. "Ulysses," he said, "it's his flag—a battle flag. He's fought for it. He would have died for. If I could I would have seized it in battle—that's war—but I can't see that flag—that flag that we learned to respect at Gettyburg—at Chickamauga—at the Wilderness—go that way. You can swim Ulysses. I'd let you risk your life to save a man, and I'll order you to risk it to save a flag."

The boy had not waited to hear the end. "Run for a boat he shouted as he dashed off along the bank, throwing coat and hat as he went. He scrambled down to the edge of the water, paused a moment to tear off his shoes, and plunged in.

The current swirled around his body, white caps reared around him and hurled him forward with a swirl; for a moment he was blinded, then, raising his head as he topped a wave, he caught sight of the distant flag, strained his muscles and swam as never he had swam before. On floated the flag, on forged the boy, nearer and ever nearer, but growing weaker and weaker from his extraordinary exertions and the chill of the water. He must reach the flag—he must reach it; that was his sole thought. Minute after minute he kept up the effort. His brain ceased to work. Only the one thought persisted in his mind and he muttered it over and over. "I must reach the flag—I must reach the flag."

At last, as he struck out, his fingers struck somethihg that was not water, something that dragged. He opened his eyes and looked. It was the stars and Bars, wet, clinging, draggled, but nevertheless the banner. Quickly he thrust its edge in his mouth and turned to the shore. His arms and legs were numb, his lungs seemed to be bursting; he could not sustain himself long, but he fought on.

From the shore, men waded far out into the river, joining hands to form a life;chain. Far out they forced their way and just as Ulysses took his last feeble stroke, a hand grasped his his collar and dragged him, unconscious, into safety.

Then followed the third parade of that day. First Ulysses carried by his solicitous friends, the flag across his body, on either side a veteran marching, one in gray, one in blue, faces seamed with fear, and behind came the whole town.

Into Wheeler's kitchen they carried the lad, through to the parlor, and land him on the sofa where, by dint of hot stimulants, sharp rubbing of limbs and feverish workings of arms, he was slowly brought back to life.

He looked up and saw bending over him two faces—his grandfather's and the tear-wet face of Morgan's veteran.

"I got it," he murmured to reassure them and closed his eyes to rest.

Wheeler straightened his tall spare frame and gazed through mist at Teasle, then, slowly, with infinite dignity, he extended a withered, calloused hand.

"The war is over," he said simply; "I surrender to a generous enemy."

V.

That afternoon Century witnessed such a sight as it had never expected to see. Across the street from the Wheeler house to the home of Lafe Teasle stretched a stout rope, and from this rope swung two flags side by side, touching each other and seeming to embrace as they were swayed with the wind. And it is worth comment that the Stars and Bars were on the side nearest the Union veteran, while the Stars and Stripes waved closer to the Wheeler line.

And on the porch watching their banners proudly, sat the two veterans who, now and again, looked into each others eyes and smiled.

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The will should be properly executed with two witnesses.

THURSDAY, May 9, 1912

HOME HAPPENINGS

"Where is Howard Cottage?" I was asked a few days ago by one not familar with the group of Barium buildidgs. The home of the "big sisters," was not hard to find on last Saturday evening from 7:30 to 10 and why? Because this was where Mrs. Walker and Miss Victoria Hudson were entertaining their Sabbath School classes, composed of some of the older girls and boys respectively. The new electric lights were giving fine service, and lending to the good cheer of the evening. The leading feature of entertainment was a guessing contest, the answer to be given in words ending in -age: for example, what is the indigestible age? Answer, sausage. The prize for the highest number of correct answers was awarded Mrs. W. T. Walker and John Grier, while the booby fell to Bessie Blue and Martin McGilvary. We can't refrain from giving the clever answer of the latter couple to the question. What age do we all desire most? The answer: stoppage. The correct answer was coinage. After Mr. Walker in a graceful little speech, had awarded the prizes, everyone was allowed to relax from the mental strain? Involved in the contest, and to enjoy the delicious refreshments, a meat and pickle course, ice cream and cake,. English walnuts were then passed around, and on untying the "baby" ribbon, one found that the two halves easily fell apart. The "goody" was missing, and no one undertook to say what had become of it, but in its place was a small slip of paper, on this was printed either a joke or a conundrum. There was many a good laugh as these nuts were cracked, and one of the boys thought his joke so funny that he had to give it up and let some one else read it. Some months ago a visitor at the home made the unfortunate remark that the evenings at Barium are very long, meaning, he insisted, that supper being early there is a fine opportunity for reading, social chats, etc. Of course he was twitted about the remark. We just wish to say that last Saturday evening was a shining exception to the rule, the hand stood at ten before anybody was ready to go. W. M. W.

Miss Vinnie Templeton one of our valued teachers, has just returned from a sad visit to her home in Moorseville. She was aroused about midnight, a few nigh s ago. By the arival of an automobile, the messenger bringing her the sad intelligeuce, that her mother had suddenly passed away at her Moorseville home. She immediately went home, only to find that the dear mother had indeed passed from earthly scenes to the home not made with hands. The beautiful life of the departed assurs us, that she has now reached the land where, "The smile of the Lord, is the feast of the soul," and none shall ever say "I am sick. Miss Templeton, who is a favorite with all our workers and the children, may be well assured, that she has our sympathies. Many of us know what it is to loose a mother. We can lose but one.

Mrs. Thos. Lingle and her mother Mrs. Southay of Davidsom paid our Home a flying visit on last Tuesday, they did not use an aviator, but the visit was between trains, and all too short.

Miss Julia Stirewalt of Moorseville spent the day at Barium last Wednesday, and we enjoyed dispensing our hospitalities. Fortunately it was our day for an extra dinner, and we had plenty of blackberry pies. It has become an unwritten law at Barium, that, "Wednesday is Boss-day," as the college boys would call it, and our friends calling on that day, are liable to get something good. Come and try it.

We are glad that the introduction of water and lights at Barium Springs places us on a much safer footing as to fires, and we should be able now to get a reduced rate on our insurance.

Mr. Walker paid a visit last week to Rev. E. D. Brown of Loray and did some preaching for him. By the way, Brother Brown don't come to Barium as often as he might, could, would or should.

Seven of the graduating class, Susie Turner, May Lowe, Bessie Blue. Gwendoline Harrison, Nola Murray, James Pope and Neill McLean, are at one table in the dining room this month. Fairy Hamilton would be with them, but is on duty at the Infirmary. This is not only a good class but a good looking class.

We thank one of our Regents, Mr. James R. Young our Insurance commissioner, for a valuable book called "Fire Brands" which he has sent us as a gift to our Library. This book is intended to instruct all children as to the great danger in our homes from fires, and to impress upon them the great importance of reducing the immense fire waste in North Carolina.

Mrs. Hester Leonard (who formerly had charge of our Infirmary) spent part of last Saturday with us. Our friends seem afraid of wearing their welcome out, and their visits are all too short. Nothing but a good long visit amounts to much at Barium.

We have read of Handy Andy who gave as a reason for not throwing water from a boiling tea kettle on a burning mantlepiece, "It's hot sor." But Earl Edens, our office boy, is ahead of Handy. Being sent for an umbrella he came along in a pouring rain and being asked "Why didn't you raise the umbrella Earl?" he said in a very nonchalant way "Oh Miss McEachin didn't want the umbrella wet."

Among those of our children who have received Bibles and Testaments for perfect reciatation of the Catechisms are Lillian McKinney for reciting the Shorter Catechism and Sam Howie, Forest Piner, Loy Hartsell, Adelaid Leonard and Loyd Waters for reciting the Childs' Catechism.

At the close of the sermon at Little Joe's Church on last Sunday, Wm. Laurie Hill was installed as an Elder. It was (as all such services are) a solemn and mpressive service.

The trimming of our trees has added greatly to the beauty of our campus. The grass is getting smooth and green, and as the notice "keep off the grass," is removed for the summer, it is a beautiful sight to watch the children as they roll on the smooth turf and they enjoy it as much as a flock of lambs.

The basement at Lee's Cottage is being made into a bath room with concrete floor, and there the boys will enjoy their shower baths. It will be a delightful cool spot, and if cleanliness is next to godliness" we should have a mighty good set of boys when we turn the water on.

Mrs .J D. Cochran and her friend Mrs. Fields of Statesville visited us on last Saturday. We welcome our friends and hope they will come to see us more often.

The four-year-old daughter of a popular New Hampshire clergyman was ailing one night, and was put so bed early. She said: "Mamma, I want to see my papa." Her mother replied, "No, dear; your papa must not be disturbed." Pretty soon she said again,"I wont to see my papa." The mother replied as before, "No your papa must not be disturbed." It was not long before she uttered this clincher:" Mamma, I am sick; and I want to see my pastor."

Smile on a temptation, and it is hard to lock it out of doors.

TRAIN THE HEART AND CONSCIENCE

for telling him so, and even if we told him, we should have no means of convincing him." And can such persons be qualified to maintain civil order and free institutions? "Unless morality is rooted in a reverent love of God It will be driven before the sudden gusts of temptation like rattling autumn leaves before winter winds." If it looks upon religion as the best chief of police merely, and not as the inteperpreter of everlasting verities, it must of necssity be destitute of force. Short of the willing sacrifice of self to the righteous claims of God, and the cheerful movement of the mind within the limits of a supreme law, there is no pure or durable morality. Religon is the root of which the purest morality is the flower. The flower cannot exist without the root, and the root cannot exist and have vitality without the inflorescence in morality.

Our Christian education and evangelism, to be most effective, must begin with the young.

It was a very suggestive statement, that of Disraeli when he said: "It is a glorious thing to see a State saved by her youth."

Statesmen tell us that we must stop raising rogues, if we would get rid of the race.

Christian education should begin with the dawn of existence, and predominate through the whole course of education. "First, midst and last," we should teach "what man is to believe concerning God and what duty God requires of man."

As eternity supasses time in importance, so does this surpass all other knowlege. If our children are trained in secular schools and grow up godless, our boasted science will soon shine like an electric ligh over a moral graveyard. We must begin from the first to train the heart and conscience along with the intellect.

No Room for Mother.

An elderly lady was rather surprised one day lately at discovering that in the view of a young visiting friend she was looked upon as rather queer and very hard to please. Thinking over the reasons back of this judgment, it was borne in upon her that one generation dose not easily understand the next, and that the distance separating two generations from sympathy and understanding cannot always be bridged over. There comes to women growing old once in a while a mingled feeling of surprise that their juniors cannot peer beneath the mask and see how young the mothers and grandmothers feel, and of regret that the busy juniors have so little leisure to spend with the dear ones who are laid aside from the noonday activity.

So long as a mother can remain in her own home its mistress and queen she is fortunate. The children may live with her, and if they do they will undoubtedly go into the business of running her. They will tenderly interfere with her plans, check her desires to go to meetings, take walks by herself and pay calls upon old friends, and they will be forever on the watch for fear she shall tire herself. All this will be more or less exasperating, but if the house be hers and she its head, there is a limit to over-zeal in filial attention. Also this mother is sure to be immune from thoughtless neglect.

When John persuades his mother that she would better give up housekeeping and live with him, when Mary coaxingly and lovingly impesses upon mother the notion that she must come and stay with her, that she is needed and wanted, and that life without her lacks flavor, when, in short, mother is induced to depart from her bailiwick and try living elsewhere, she is by no means sure that she may not make a mistake, The daughter's home or that of the daughter-in-law may be shining as the house in Spotless Town: the daughter's chieldren may be well trained, and the daughter's housekeeping perfect, but mother is almost sure to find herself in a way overlooked, or laid on the shelf. Sometimes she misses the half hours of confidential talk that were formerly hers, and again the good-night kiss is forgotten, and a whole day may pass in which there is no room or share that mother can have in what is going on. This is especially true when the young people occupy the front of the stage. Are you sure, dear reader, if mother is with you, there is room for her in your heart and your home, as there ought to be?

AS WE FORGIVE."

come up, George. Would you like to go into the house. I can not. His eyes haunt me. They were always such brave eyes, and the last words he said were, Never mind, dad, it won't be for long! How long? and what did he mean by that? It's just that I want to know. But nobody can tell me."

Lambert thrust his hand through the arm of his old friend, and they began to pace together to and fro the terrace, where the brief sunshine lay. Words came to him, but he did not know what words. He was unable afterwards to tell Lucy what he had said, but Capel hung upon them, and was comforted.

"People? Oh yes, there are people in the house. but they haven't had any children; they don,t know. I had nobody else, only him, and I needed no more. He was more to me than ten sons and daughters. And I never thought but that he would close my eyes, and lay me in my own place, and live after me among his children's children. Come in and see him."

They entered the quiet house, the darkened house, where Lambert keen on the fitness of things, longed to throw up the blinds, and set every window open to the sun. For the young, bright soul that had fared hence had loved the sun, and had only hasted to its perpetual shining.

In the noble guest-chamber he lay with the majesty of death on his face, and the hint of coming manhood, adding to it a touch of pathos. But it was a face of a child after all, a child in purity and sweetness. Lambert never forgot that hour, nor the holy sorrow of it. He could not quite make Capel out; he did not like the strained look on his face, and yet there seemed to be behind it an ineffable peace.

"In the face of that untold mystery, George," he said, as he began to move towards the door, "what creatures we are! And our efforts, what do they amount to? Oh, if I could have him back, even if he had only to share a crossing sweeper's crust with me, I would not change place with any king!"

"But he—I believe, nay, I know it—he is at the King's table, spread in the King's garden," said Lambert. "Now, come back with me Lucy would have bid me say that. Come back with me."

"To a house full of little children. It is an odd request to put to a man who has lost his only one; but yea, I'll come now, this very moment."

Afterwards Lambert knew that they were led of the Lord, and that they had no choice. All the barriers were swept away as they walked by little frequented paths to Lambert's house, and the past was all explained.

"There is nothing to forgive, George," said Capel, when Lambert came over and over the one theme. "I was wrong and hard at the time but I didn't understand. Now I do; that's all."

When they came to the gate of the little front garden at Lambert's house, Capel suddenly stood still, and spoke a little hoarsely.

"If you really feel as you say you do, if—if you imagine I want some proof of your old faithful friendship, are you willing to let me make the test?"

Lambert looked in the direction of his eyes, and saw his own son, William Capel, looking through a field glass, his slim young figure silhouetted against the clear, blue of the sky.

"Do you—do you want him?" he asked hoarsely.

"Yes, he's my God child, anyhow. Isn't he called Willian Capel? And they would have been like brother, if it hadn't been for us. Give him to me, not to fill the other place, that will never be, but only to save me from despair. You have seven. surely from out your riches you can spare me one."

Brief and terrible was the struggle in Lambert's heart.

"It is a hard thing you ask, but—but yes, if his mother consents, I won't stand in the way," he said thickly, and drew Capel into the warm, family house, and shut the door.

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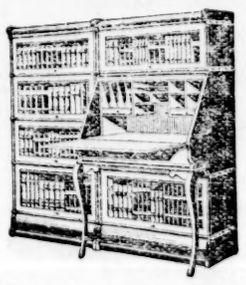

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STATESVILLE, N. C.

The Corner for Smiles

A North Carolina Catfish.

(From The Philadelphia press.)

A yellow catfish, which traveled more than 1,000 miles frozen in a cake of ice and is still alive to tell the tale, was placed on exhibition at the public aquarium in Fairmont park. This fish was packed in ice along with a number of others in North Carolina five days ago. It was then shipped to the Philadelphia fish markets, and when it arrived on Saturday was given the usual bath in cold water. Much to the surprise of the merchants, this particular catfish, instead of being stiff and dead, as were the others, began to wiggle about and show signs of life. It was taken in charge by William E. Meehan, superintendent of the aquarium and revived.

The Last Act.

From Tit-Bits.)

The heavy, fur-coated man owned the gunpowder factory, and the lean, cadaverous person by his side acted as foreman and the general factotum.

"Yes, sir," remarked the menial to the master; "poor old Bill is dead, right enough."

"And how did it happen?" asked the employer sadly.

"Well, sir," came the reply." you see, sir, old Bill went into the mixing room and by mistake struck a match."

The boss looked surprised.

"Fancy Bill, of all people doing that!" he cried. "I should have thought that would have been the last thing he'd do."

"It was, sir!" replied the lanky one remorsefully.

The First person.

They had been quarreling, and, although hubby was willing to take the blame all upon himself and make peace, she was still snappy and indifferent.

"Come over here. Bessie. Aren't you curious to know what is in this package?"

"Oh, not very! I can stand the strain," isee replied belligerently.

"Well, it's something for the one I love best in all the world," he said coaxingly.

"Oh, is that so? I suppose. then, it's those suspenders you said you needed.—Judge.

A Lingering Suspicion.

A sudden thunderclap sent little Billy running to his father with a scared whimper. "Come, come!" said pa. "Be brave! Be a man!"

As they sat together on the vernanda, Billy boldly declared, "Us men aren't 'fraid of nothin' 'are us, pa?"

"Why, of course not, sonny!"

"Thuneer 'n' lightnin', 'n' bugglers, 'n' lines, 'a' tigrums, nor nothing', are us, pa?"

A pause; then Billy looked up with a sly face and said," Aren't us 'fraid of ma, neither, pa?"—Judge.

She—I'm afraid, Tom, dear, you will find me a mine of faults.

He— Darling, it shall be the sweetest labor of my life to correct them.

She (flaring up)—Indeed you shan't.—Boston Transcipt.

"oh,' will you please come at once? There is three brutes jumping on a poor organ grinder."

"Is he a big organ-grinder?" queried the old gentleman calmly.

"No, no, sir, quite a little man. Oh, came at once' or it will be too late!"

"I don't see why I should interfere," replied the old gentleman. "If he's a small man then the three men don't need any help."—Ex.

Senator Frye's Retort.

Senator William P. Frye of Maine and Senator Charles Curtis of Kansas had been having a long and somewhat heated discussion as to the authorship of some of the works attributed to Shakespeare.

"Well." said Senator Frye with finality," when I die and go to heaven I will hunt up Shakespeare and ask him about it."

"Suppose you do not happen to find Shakespeare there?" suggested Senator Curtis.

"Then you ask him," answered the Maine Senator as he passed quickly out of hearing.—New York Herald.

"That fellow cut me out in a very underhanded way."

"Yet you are going to the wedding."

"Yes; I may get a chance to soak him with an old shoe."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

As we Forgive

the murmured petitions of the Lord's prayer surrounding him on every side. All the heads were reverently bent in his pew, but when he looked along, counting them again in a sort of mechanical thankfuless, Willie looked up, smiled and nodded, certain he would not be reproved for irreverence. Lambert was not only a happy, he was also a singularly successful family man, having preserved in middle-age the heart of a boy. His children adored him no less than his wife, and the delicious warm atmosphere of his home had undoubtedly done much to reconcile him to the disappointments of life. Seven heads, seven healthy young bodies, seven happy hearts, great God, how rich he was! And William Capel was now childless! Some thing choked in his throat, and at the moment Erie's piping voice at his elbow said: "Forgive us our t'espasses, as we fordive."

Lambert did not hear the rest.

"As we forgive!" that was the condition, and yet how countless were the times he had glibly made his petition, without so much as one thought of its full significance! When the service was over, he leaned along the pew, and spoke to his daughter. Tell you mother, dear, that I've gone up to Friarsgate to see Mr. Capel. And if I'm late, don't wait dinner for me."

Jean nodded, and took Eric's warm hand in hers to keep him still, while his father left the chapel by the vestry door. He spoke to no one, but hurried away, taking all the short cuts he knew to the big, grey old house, standing in a noble park on the outskirts of the town. How often he had looked through these old iron gates with scorn and envy, hating the man whom chance had favoured, while he, George Lambert, equally deserving, was compelled to live in a shoddy suburban villa, and have sordid anxieties as his daily bread! But now there was no envy left in his heart, only a vast, unavailing pity for the bereft. He slipped in by a wicket, but soon the great gates would be set wide to let the son and heir pass through to his long home. Lambert pictured the melancholy train.

It was a mild, bright October day, and a few leaves, touched by an early frost fluttered to the ground and rustled under Lambert's feet as he walked, while his eyes across the pleasant spaces of the park saw scurrying rabbits, and caught the gleam of water in the little lake. And presently the house was before him, the poor, empty shell, from whence hope had fled. All the blinds were down, and it looked like the place of the dead. Only on the terrace before the door a solitary figure walked, with head down bent, a little grey terrier following wistfully at his heels.

Lambert's pulses quickened, for he did not know how he would be received. But that mattered little, since he had come to discharge a debt. Presently the terrier, scenting the stranger, gave a short, sharp bark, and his master stood still. He did not move from the head of the terrace steps, where he had made pause, until Lambert reached the bottom, then he seemed surprised. But not more surprised than Lambert himself, beholding in front of him an old man, where he had expected a prosperous and young one. They had not met within recognising distance for over seven years. It was undoubtedly an awkward, even a painful moment, but Lambert, eager to make amends, did not suffer it to master him.

"It's only me, William," he said bluntly, almost humbly. "I heard it in the town, and something drove me here. I want to be forgiven."

For a moment Capel did not speak. His look was vague, as if his scattered sence found it difficult to concentrate on any given point.

Lambert came up the steps, slowly holding out his hand.

"I'm sorry! I'd give ten years of my life, I believe I'd give it all, if I could bring him back. It must be awful for you! I've seen him riding beside you, and one day on the cricket field I saw how splendid he was. It's awful, Bill; I can't tell you how I feel."

He burst into tears, and it was then a tremor passed over the white set face of William Capel. But he did not seem to see the offered hand.

"It was very kind of you to

Continued on page three,

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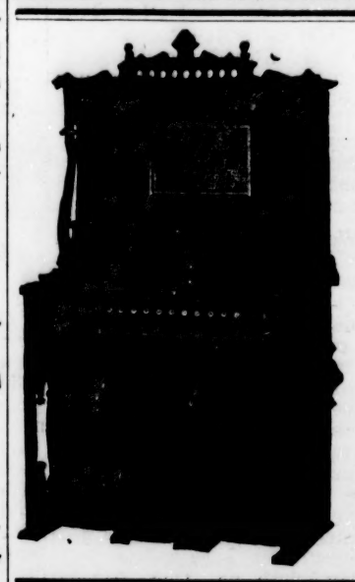

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